

# ELEGIES

UPON THE

Much Lamented Loss

OF OUR

Late MOST GRACIOUS

Queen MARY.

The Words of the two First by Mr Herbert.

The latter out of the Oxford Verse;

And Set to MUSIC by

D<sup>r</sup> Blow and M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell.

LONDON,

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# The QUEEN's *Epicedium*.

By Mr. Herbert.

**N**O, *Lesbia*, no, you art in vain,  
My Harp, my Mind's untrung;  
When all the World's in tears, in pain:  
Do you require a Song?

( 2 )

See, how ev'ry Nymph and Swain  
Hang down their pensive Heads, and weep!  
No Voice nor Pipe is heard in all the Plain;  
So great their Sorrows, they neglect their Sheep.

( 3 )

The Queen! the Queen of *Arcadie* is gone!  
*Lesbia*, the Lols can't be exprest;  
Not by the deepest Sigh, or Groan,  
Or Throbbings of the Breast.

( 4 )

Ah! poor *Arcadians*! how they mourn!  
O the Delight, and Wonder of their Eyes!  
She's gone! and never, never must return;  
Her Star is fixt, and shines beyond the Skies.

( 5 )

*Panthea*'s Eye was over all the Land;  
She succour'd many Tender Lambs:  
And took delight to feed, with Her own Hand,  
Whole Flocks of Weak, Decaying Dams.

( 6 )

The Pastors, they were Her peculiar Care.  
How She regarded Those within the Pale!  
Daily She Offer'd up Unblemish'd Pray'r,  
And ev'ry Moon She Sacrific'd, for All.

The



The Queen's Favourite. Set by Dr. Blow.

No, No, no, Lis-bia,

no, no, no, no, no, no, Lis-bia, no, no, no, you ask

in vain; no, no, no, no, my Harp, my Mind, my Mind's untrung;

no, no, no, no when all, all, all, when all the World's in Tears, in

pain, do you, do you, do you re-quire a Song? No, no, no

Lis-bia, no, no, no, no. See, see,

see, see how ev'ry Nymph, ev'ry Nymph, ev'ry

Nymph and Swain, hang down, down their Heads and weep, and weep,

hang down, down their Heads and weep, and weep! No Voice

nor Pipe is heard in all the Plain, no Voice nor Pipe is heard in all the


Plain; so great their Sorrows, so great their Sorrows, so great their Sorrows, they

left their Sheep; so great their Sorrows, so great their Sorrows, they

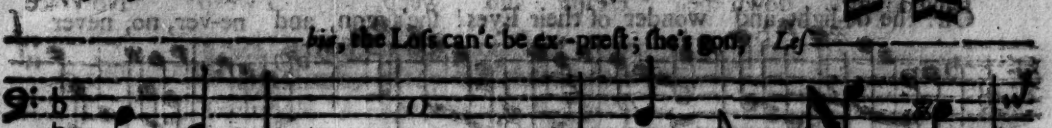




neg-lect their Sheep. The Queen! the Queen of



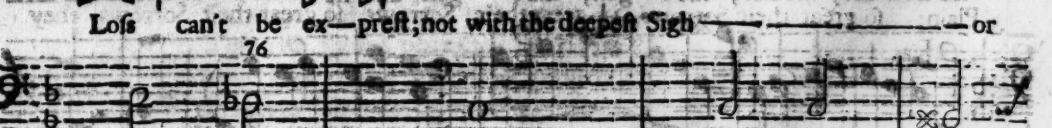
Arcadia is gon! Lef



his, the Lofs can't be ex-press; the's gon, Lef



his, the Lofs the Lofs the



Lofs can't be ex-press; not with the deepest Sigh — or

76

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Groan, not with the deepest Sigh or Groan, or Throb-bings of the



Breast. Ah! poor Ar-ca-dians!

how they mourn, ah! poor Ar-ca-dians, see how they mourn!

Oh! the de-light and wonder of their Eyes! she's gon, and ne-ver, no, never

must re—turn; Ah! poor Ar—cadians! she's gon, she's gon,

see how they mourn; she's gon, she's gon, and ne—

ver, no, ne— ver to re—turn; she's





*Latine Redditum.*

**I**ncassum, *Lesbia*, incassum rogas;  
Lyra mea, Mens est inmodulata;  
Terrarum Orbe lacrymarum pleno,  
Dolorum: rogitas tu cantilenam?

En Nymphas! En Pastores! caput omne reclinat  
Juncorum instar! admodum fietur;  
Nec Galatea canit, nec ludit Tityrus agris:  
Non curant oves, mœrore perditæ.

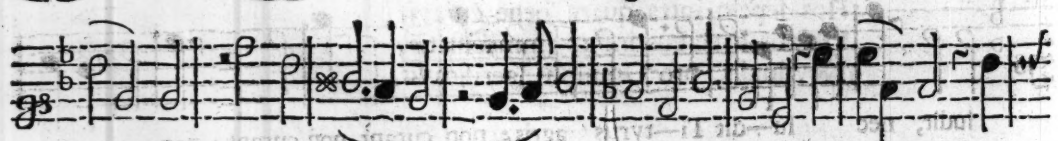
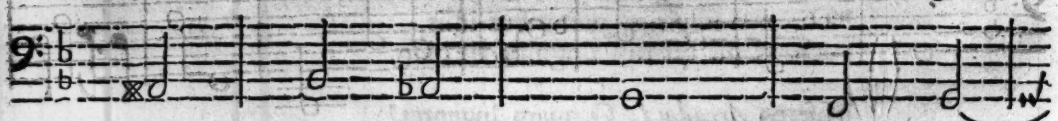
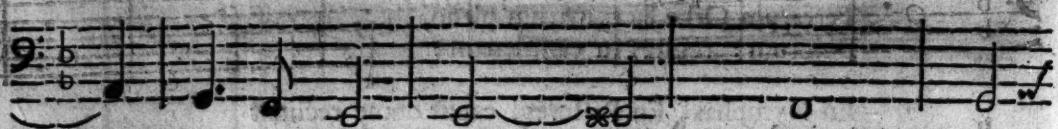
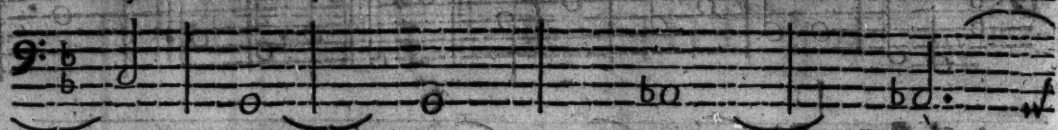
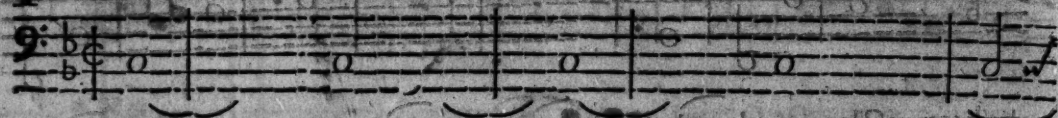
Regina! heu! *Arcadiæ* Regina  
Periit! O! Damnum non exprimendum;  
Non, non suspiciis, gemitibus imis,  
Pectoris aut queruli singultu turbido.

Miseros *Arcadas*! O quam lugentes!  
Suorum Gaudium Oculorum, Mirum  
Abiit: nunquam, O nunquam reversurum!  
Stella sua fixa cœlum ultra lucet.

Panthea, totos vigil per agros,  
Teneros Agnos plurimos nutrit:  
Delectata manu pascendo propria  
Integros Matrum greges agrarum.

Pastores proprium sibi peculium;  
Hos sepem intra quam bene curavit!  
Oblatis Precibus indies immaculatis,  
Novilunus, pro Omnibus sacrificavit.

## Latine Redditum. Henricus Purcell





co-rum, jun-co-rum in-star! En Nymphas, en Pa-f-to-res, ca-pur

omne reclinat, jun-corum, jun-corum, jun-corum in-star! admodum fle-rur,

admodum fle-tur,

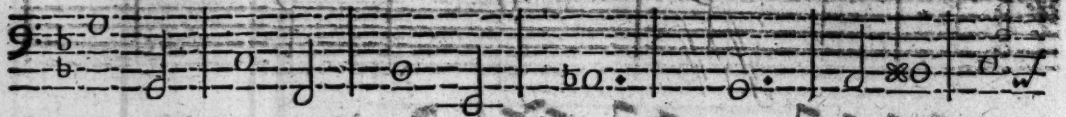
admodum fle-tur: Nec

Ga-la-te-a ca-nit, nec Ga-la-te-a ca-nit, nec

ludit, nec lu-dit Ti-tyrus agris: non curant, non curant, non cu-rant



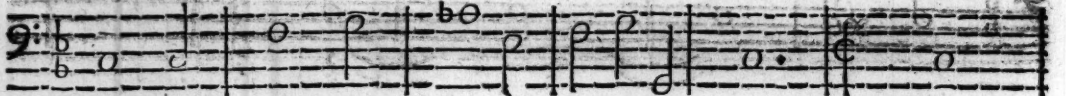
oves, mæro-re, mæ-ro-re, mæ-ro-re per-di-ti, non curant, non curant,



non cu-rant oves mæ-ro-re, mæ-ro-re, mæ-ro-re, mæ-ro-re



per-di-ti, mæ-ro-re, mæ-ro-re, mæ-ro-re per-di-ti. Re-gi-na



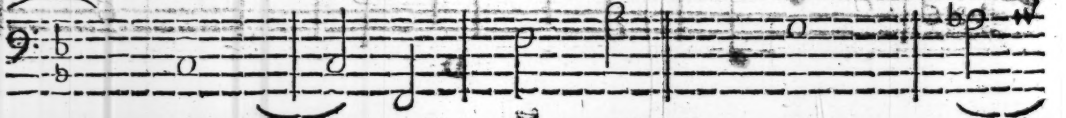
heu! heu *Ar-cadie*, Re-gi-na Periit! Regina, heu, heu



*Ar-cadie*, Re-gina periit! O! O! Damnum non ex-pri-mendum; O!



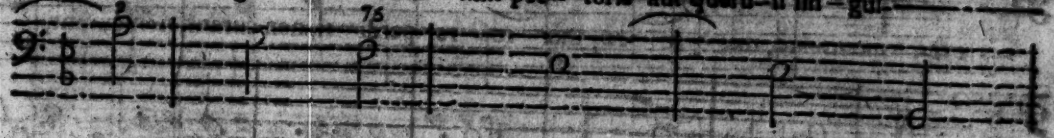
O! damnum non exprimendum; non, non, non, non, non ful-pi-ri-is, non, non,







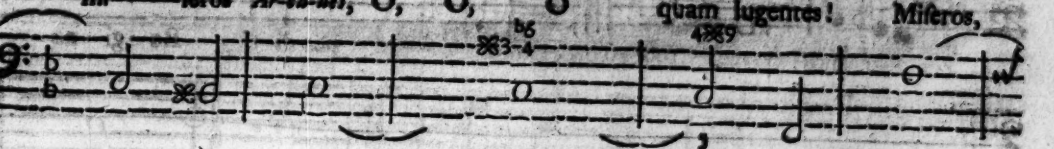
non, non, non ge-mi-ti-bus imis pec-toris aut queru-li sin-gul-



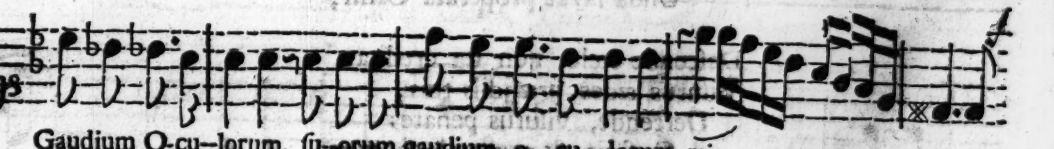
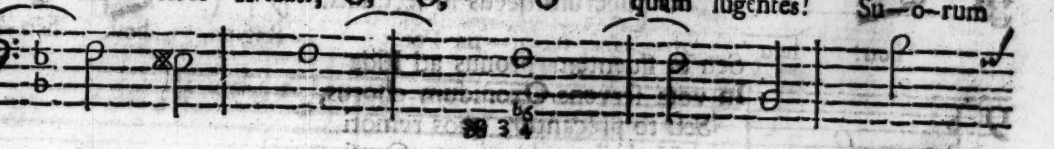
tu tur-bi-do. Mi-se-ros,




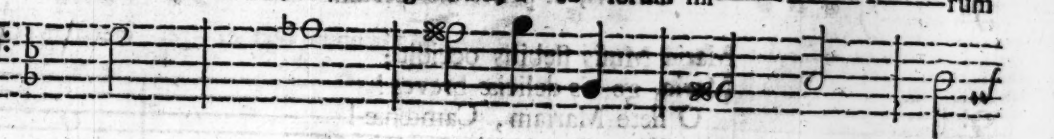
mi-se-ros Ar-ca-des, O, O, quam lu-gentes! Mi-se-ros,



mi-se-ros Ar-ca-des, O, O, quam lu-gentes! Su-o-rum



Gaudium O-cu-lorum, su-orum gaudium, a-cu-lorum mi-rum



mi-rum Abiit! nunquam, O, O, nunquam re-versurum!



nunquam, O, O, O nunquam, reverſurum! Stella, ſtella, ſua fixa coe-  
lum ul- tra, ul- tra lu- cet, ſtella, ſtella ſua fixa coelum ul-  
tra, ul- tra lu- cet.

O Dive cuſtos Auriacæ Domus,  
Et ſpes labantis certior imperi,  
O rebus adverſis vocande,  
O ſuperum decus in ſecundis!

Seu te fluentem pronus ad Iſida  
In vota fervens Oxonidum chorus,  
Seu te precantur, quos remoti  
Unda lavat properata Cami;

Descende cœlo, non ita creditas  
Viſurus ædes præſidiis tuis,  
Descende, viſurus penates  
Cæſaris, & penetrale ſacrum.

Maria Muſis flebilis occidit;  
Maria, gentis deliciæ breves!  
O flete Mariam, Camœnæ!  
Flete, Dea moriente, Divæ!



## Henricus Purcell.

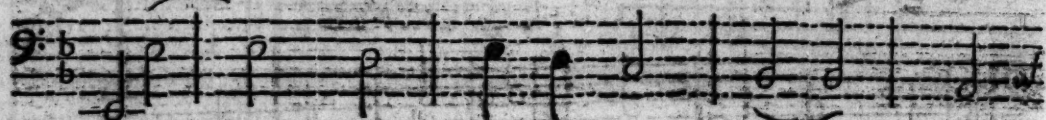
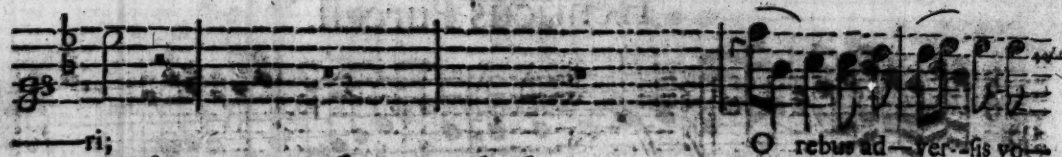
O Dive Custos Au-ri-a-cæ Domus;

Dive Custos Au-ri-a-cæ Domus;

Dive Custos, Custos Au-ri-a-cæ Domus;

O Dive Custos, Custos Au-ri-a-cæ Domus; & spes la-ban-tis cer-ti-or im-pe-

Dive Custos, Custos Au-ri-a-cæ Domus; & spes la-ban-tis cer-ti-or im-pe-





dis. Seu te flu-en-tem

dis. Seu te flu-en-tem

pronus ad I-fi-da; In vo-ra fervens, in vi-ta fervens Ox-o

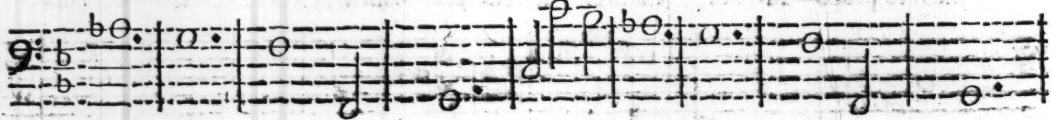
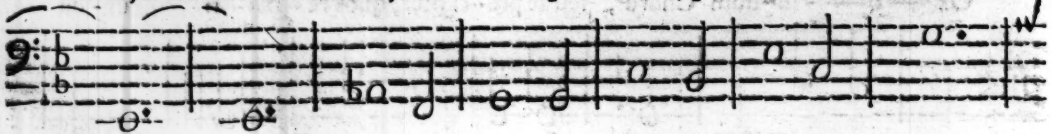
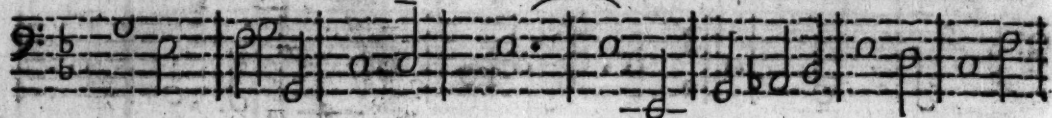
pronus ad I-fi-da; In vo-ra fervens, in vo-ra fervens

ni-dum Chorus, seu te pre-cantur, quos re-mo-ti un-da

Ox-o-ni-dum Chorus, seu te pre-cantur, quos re-mo-ti un-da

lavat prope-ra-ta Ca-mi, seu te pre-cantur, quos re-moti, un-da

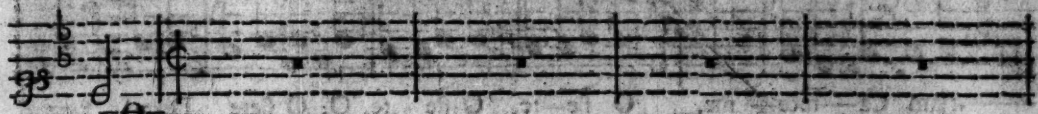
lavat prope-ra-ta Cami, seu te pre-cantur, quos re-moti un-da



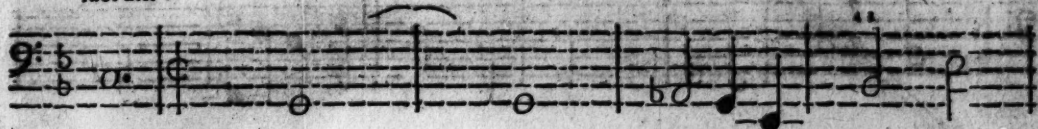




facrum: Ma-ri — a Mu-sa fle — bi-lia occi-dit



facrum:



Ma-ri-a,



Ma-ri — a gentis de-li — ciae breves, Ma-



Ma-ri — a oc-ci-dir, O fle-te, O fle-te, O, O, O



— ri — a, Ma-ri — a oc-ci-dir, O fle-te, O fle-te, O, O

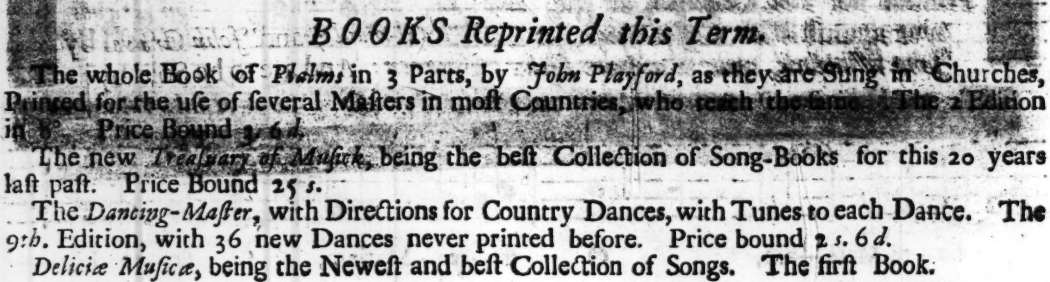


fle-te Mari-am, O fle-te, Mari-am O fle-te Ma-ri-am, O



fle-te Mari-am, O fle-te Mariam, O fle-te Ma-





# F I N I S.



# P O E M A

by the

Proceedings

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